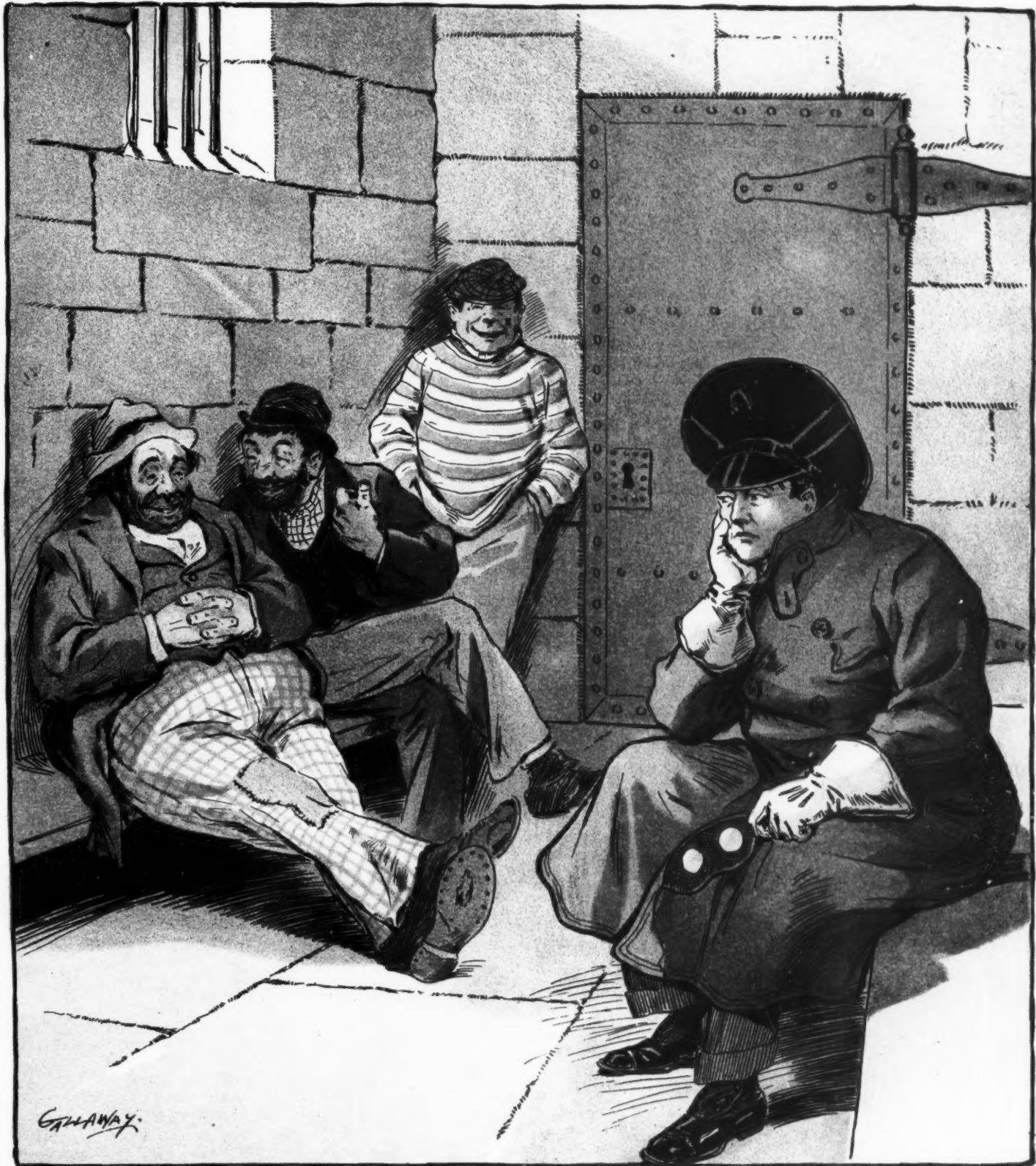


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JAIL THE ONLY REMEDY.

FINES ARE A FARCE WHEN DEALING WITH THE AUTO LAW BREAKER.



A DEAD-SLOW GOLFER.

GUSSIE SOFTLEIGH.—No! I don't believe in tipping caddies.
MADGE DARLING.—Dear me! Have n't you ever had occasion to do so?

JURISPRUDENCE.

CHICAGO.—A total of 435 injunctions were issued by the federal courts here to-day.

Seventeen of these were sued out by ladies of Evanston, Oak Park and other suburbs, to restrain their husbands from forgetting to bring home washing powders, paregoric, etc., to-night.

On application of John Doe, an injunction was issued restraining Richard Roe from getting said John Doe partially drunk and telling him what said Richard Roe's baby has been getting off.

The management of the South-side Livereaters got an injunction restraining the umpire from calling Hoolihan out at first in the eighth.

The remaining injunctions were of the usual routine character, having to do with corners on the Board of Trade, mostly.

THE PURIFICATION of politics, however, would make it much less interesting to talk politics.

Down the street the cobbles bounded
Where the rivals fought and pounded
Till the riot call was sounded —

By the squire!

And the town force congregated,
Rushed their clubs and remonstrated;
But the crew when separated —

Forgot all ire!

And towards the inn they wended,
Where rich ale soothed the offended;
And their wills and hearts were blended —
Till a fire!

Victor A. Hermann.



THE ANCIENT AUXILIARY COMPANY.



LOUDLY shrieked the running crier:
"Ring the town bell! Fire! Fire!"
And the red flames soared higher —
As he ran!
Puffing, pulling and perspiring
Came the "Vulcans," proud, aspiring,
For the fair eyes were admiring —
Every man!
But green envy seized each fellow
As the rival black and yellow
Bounded past with trumpet bellow —
"American!"

Red rays made the heavens dire
And the lads forgot all ire
As they fought the seething fire —
With their streams!

Fiercer rose the tongues, and roaring
Came the sparks from rending flooring,
But they kept the water pouring —
On the beams!

Till at last they won the battle,
Rolled away with thump and rattle,
While the town folk staid to prattle —
Fire themes!



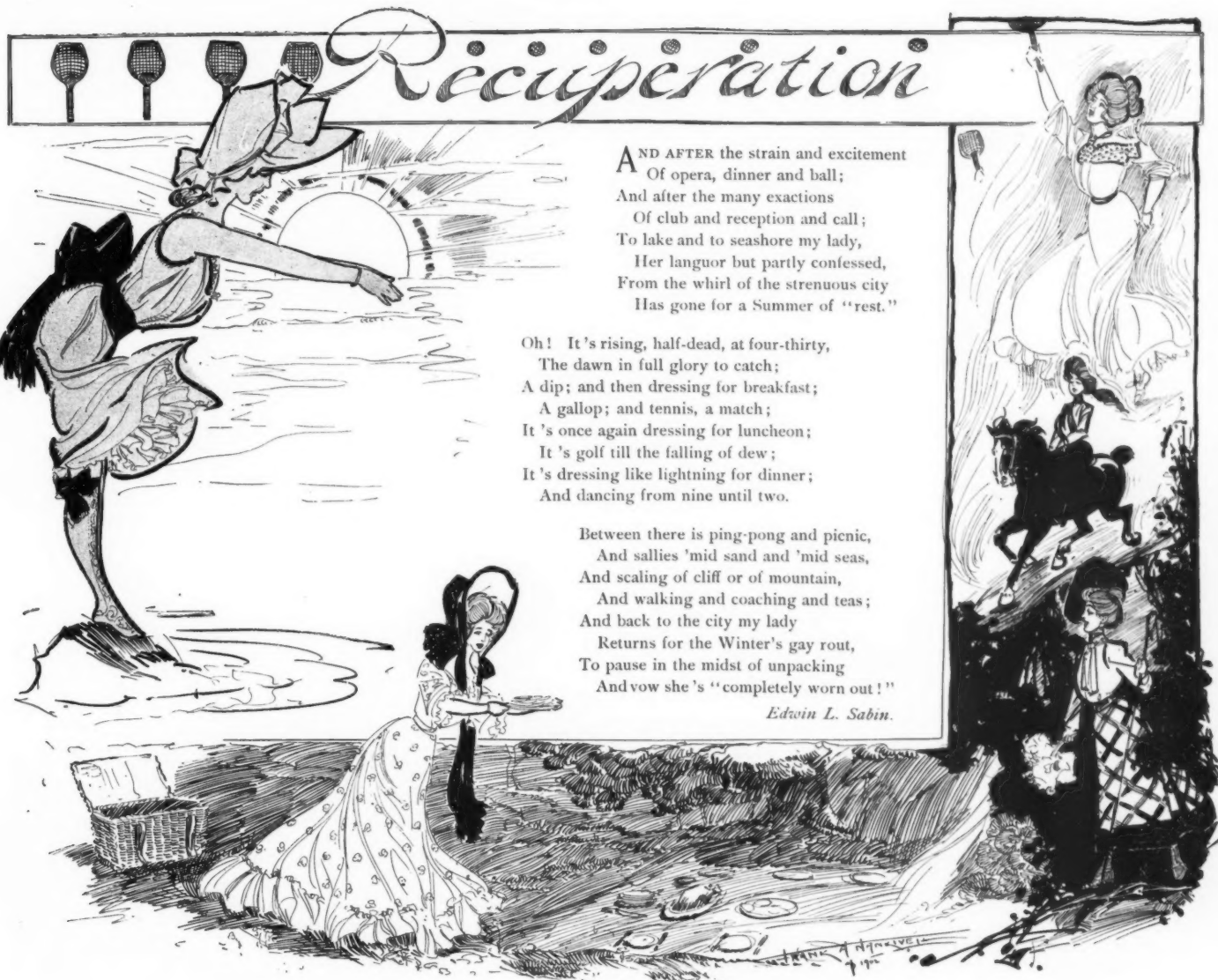
SATISFACTION.

CASEY.—Kelly called me a loyer, but Oi got satisfaction out av him.

ROONEY.—Ye did?

CASEY.—Oi did! He knocked out two av me teeth thot hov bin throubling me fer moonths.

When a woman will, she will—especially if she 's the cook.



AND AFTER the strain and excitement
Of opera, dinner and ball;
And after the many exactions
Of club and reception and call;
To lake and to seashore my lady,
Her languor but partly confessed,
From the whirl of the strenuous city
Has gone for a Summer of "rest."

Oh! It's rising, half-dead, at four-thirty,
The dawn in full glory to catch;
A dip; and then dressing for breakfast;
A gallop; and tennis, a match;
It's once again dressing for luncheon;
It's golf till the falling of dew;
It's dressing like lightning for dinner;
And dancing from nine until two.

Between there is ping-pong and picnic,
And sallies 'mid sand and 'mid seas,
And scaling of cliff or of mountain,
And walking and coaching and teas;
And back to the city my lady
Returns for the Winter's gay rout,
To pause in the midst of unpacking
And vow she's "completely worn out!"

Edwin L. Sabin.

HIS IRASCIBILITY.

"I NEVER was one to talk against my neighbors," said Miss 'Dosa Ann Pine, who had dropped in by the back way to borrow a cupful of brown sugar from Mrs. Judge Tubman; "but I can't help thinkin' that Deacon 'Gustus Stang is a little mite too hasty and sarcastic in expressin' himself, for a man of his position and professions.

"Why, yesterday afternoon—I was right there, myself, passin' the time o' day with Mis' Stang, and saw it all—a stand of his bees swarmed and lodged on a limb of the ox-heart cherry tree on top of the upper off-set. The Deacon went to work to hive 'em, first gettin' on an up-ended barrel and reachin' up and cuttin' off the limb with the bees all bunched up on it. At that very instant, if you 'll believe me, the head of the barrel caved in, and over it whopped, and fell off'm the off-set with the Deacon inside, and went rollin' and bouncin' down the long stone steps, and slammed against the hitchin'-post at the foot of the stairs with a crash that busted the barrel all to staves and wrung a great groan from the Deacon, and left him pretty near wrapped around the

hitchin'-post, with the infuriated bees a-stabbin' at him like I'm sure-I-don't-know-what. Hi Price was drivin' by with his tin-peddler's cart and blind horse, and he stopped and called out, as was natural:

"Land o' Goshen, Deacon 'Gustus! Are you hurt?"

"No, contrive ye!" roared the Deacon, as snappish. I'll be bound, as an alligator. 'No, I ain't! This is the way I laugh!

I'm tickled gol-rammed near to death over the joke I've just played on the bees!"

"Of course, he had a good deal of provocation, looking at it in some ways, but I contend that he'd better have restrained himself long enough to have counted a hundred before he spoke; though, of course, it ain't really for me to judge."



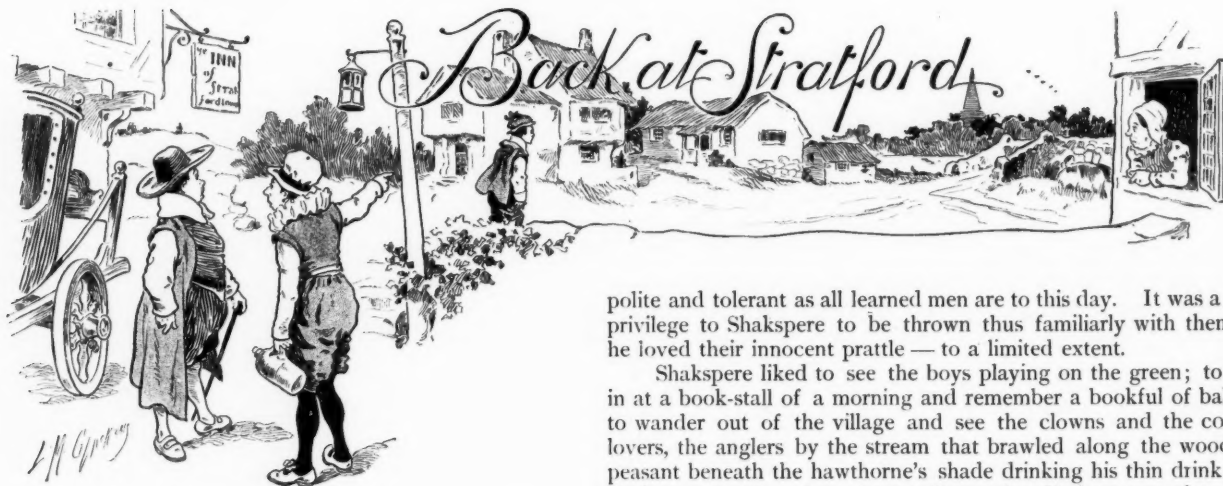
A HEAVY JOB.

NURSE MONKEY (*wheeling baby Hippo*).—Land's sakes! I did n't know what I was up against when I took this situation. This is where I gives a month's notice.

PLAYING SAFE.

NIBSY (*fiercely*).—Yer ought ter be ashamed uv yerself—punchin' a little kid like dat! Why, don't yer punch somebody yer own size an' weight? SWIPESY.—Huh! An' have de gang holler: "Fake!" an' roon me repertation fer ever?

THE TROUBLE with the airship is that it is so apt to be out of its element.



III.

WHEN SHAKSPERE went back to Stratford to live in happiness among the scenes of his always-remembered boyhood, he built for himself a spacious, comfortable house which was placed in the midst of large grounds set out to shade-trees and orchards and gardens.

It was a pleasure to him to walk daily in his own gardens and in the shade of his own trees; and often he walked forth by the Avon where the willows grew, and through the fields and in the forest where he had run and played as a thoughtless boy.

And there was not a tree that shook its darling buds in the winds of May, nor a Summer flower that was to the Summer sweet, that he did not know the name and nature of: for he had learned them as a thoughtless boy when men learn everything beautiful that they ever know.

The flowers and the trees and the waters that kissed the sedges of the river were good friends of his that he loved to be with once more; and so were the silver moon and night's patines of bright gold; and so were the forked mountains and blue promontories of the clouds; and so were the acres of the rye and all the Summer's green. They were all friends of his, as well they might be, seeing that he, their mortal lover, had made for them an immortal succession of lovers to follow after him.

The people of Stratford regarded the great man most attentively, wondering if he was living beyond his means. They made a deep and patient study and tried to estimate his wealth. There was little doubt among them that he had become ambitious, and some people even suspected that he was setting up for a country gentleman. As time passed on and he continued to live at ease, the community became assured that he was a man of solid means, acquired by hook or by crook, and he was accorded respect. Stories came down from London of the estimation in which Shakspeare has been held there. It was said that he had been presented at Court. Why he had been presented was not very well understood. Some thought it was because he was from Stratford; others, because he had been willing to be a playwright and an actor, and to abate the dignity which would have prevented them from succeeding by like means. Perhaps the most satisfactory solution was to say that there was no accounting for it. But little by little Shakspeare entered into the life of Stratford; people became satisfied of his wealth and honors; and parents would sometimes think that they would let their own sons go up to London and be playwrights, if nothing better offered.

It is not recorded that Shakspeare was ever given any civic offices of trust or honor, these places being rightly reserved for citizens of more solid parts; nor that he was asked to take part in the intellectual labors of the city, but he would be sometimes asked to aid a noble cause by a vote or a subscription. There was in Stratford an Institution of Learning, a sort of college, of which the professors were learned men. They were accustomed to discourse, or recite, to one another the philosophy of the ancients; and sometimes when they fell in with Shakspeare they would affect to think that he could follow the subtleties of the reasoning, and they would continue to baffle one another with the hoary arguments and replies of dialectics until, as in some old book-game of chess, they had arrived with much pride at the draw. Besides, they would sometimes converse with Shakspeare and even listen to his talk, for they were monstrously

polite and tolerant as all learned men are to this day. It was a great privilege to Shakspeare to be thrown thus familiarly with them, for he loved their innocent prattle — to a limited extent.

Shakspeare liked to see the boys playing on the green; to drop in at a book-stall of a morning and remember a bookful of ballads; to wander out of the village and see the clowns and the country lovers, the anglers by the stream that brawled along the wood, the peasant beneath the hawthorne's shade drinking his thin drink from his leather bottle. I need not tell you that Shakspeare used to think about many things. I need not tell you that the fields seemed to him more hushed and silent than when he was a boy. Poor Will Shakspeare!

Sometimes on Summer evenings people would visit him and sit on his verandah, and if it fell to him to talk to a beautiful girl he made it no hardship. On such an occasion, once, a beautiful girl talked to him a long time in a low, sweet voice which he knew from his reading to be an excellent thing in woman. There is no doubt it made him glad. Whatever the men of a region may be, the girls



A DIPLOMAT.

GLADYS.—If she does n't love him why does she encourage him?

EDITH.—Well, she's hoping her father will suspect she loves him and send her on a trip to Europe to overcome her infatuation!

PUCK



GRANT NO CONCESSIONS.

HOGAN (*on strike*).—Th' hungry villyuns! Troth, they 'll ate me out av house an' home before th' shtroike do be inded.

LITTLE MAMIE.—An' de worst uv it is, Dad, yer can't arbytrate wid hungry kids.

are glorious, and since before the time of the Sabines they have always had a touch of compassion for the outside peoples.

This beautiful girl told Shakspeare of a lawn-party they were to have. It was to be a month thence when the moon was full. The moon was a full moon then, of course; it was silvering all the fruit-tree tops, and she asked him if it was not beautiful. Here she looked towards the tree tops so long that it gave Shakspeare a pang to know that she was sighing her soul towards the Grecian tents—towards some absent lover capable of enjoying with her that mellow ancient moonlight. But she resumed and told Shakspeare about the lawn-party which was to be for the benefit of something. She said it was going to be lovely. They were to have Japanese lanterns, and—and everything; there was to be a fairy dance, and—and everything.

Within doors one of the professors was to give his noted Address on the Retrogression of Learning; and a young man, a curate—everybody said how clever he was—was to read some beautiful Original Verses.

She asked Shakspeare if he liked Poetry, and he stammered and said, "Fairly;" and she said she liked it, Oh! So much! "There were many who did n't," she said. "And I wanted to ask you," she said—and he thought her so lovely as she turned her moon-kissed face to him, that if she had asked *him* to write some Original Verses he would have turned the golden night into a golden poem for her—"I wanted to ask if you would n't buy a ticket and go. We will break up early—that is, we won't have any dances or anything until the older people are gone—and you will enjoy it."

So Shakspeare shelled out the money for the ticket.

And I have ceased to wonder that when Ben Jonson and another good fellow came down from London they all went to an excess in feigning to be young again.

ACCORDING TO SHAKSPERE.

HUSBAND.—I don't believe you heard a word of the sermon to-day. You were looking the whole time at the diamonds that woman in front of us wore.

WIFE.—Well, there are sermons in stones, you know.

A PUZZLING DIAGRAM.

RICHARD.—Well, Father, what is the secret of business-success?

FATHER.—My son, it does n't pay to be too courteous in business-life, and it does n't pay not to be courteous enough.

IT TAKES TWO to effect a deception. Possibly if there were fewer fools there would be fewer knaves.



ON THE RESERVATION.

TOURIST.—You say those two Indians are twins? What are their names?

GUIDE.—Big Jag and Fishing Trip!

It might be urged in favor of the celibacy of the clergy, that a minister can never know what minute his boys are going to make a monkey of him.

PUCK



AFTER THE PROPOSAL.

HIS LORDSHIP.—But you might change your mind. Women do, sometimes, change their minds!

MISS FANNY T. PHAYRE.—Yes. I might, if I had said yes!

FIRST AID TO THE ANXIOUS.



SAU.—Marriage is the surest depilatory I know of.

JOHN SMITH.—Your future wife's name will be Mrs. John Smith.

SPOONER.—If she calls her mother, by all means kiss the old lady, too.

CHOLLY.—If she has broken your heart, be thankful for what she did n't do to you.

BROKEN-HEARTED.—No, dear; incompatibility of appetite is not a sufficient cause for divorce.

DOLLY GREEN.—No, dear; a Raglan is not one of them things that you make tin-types with. It's a horse-blanket with sleeves to it.

BLUE EYES.—If you are so situated that you can not procure a serviceable chaperon, and really think you need one, carry a bowie-knife.

POOR BUT PROUD.—If you have impoverished yourself buying presents for her, I would advise you to go to Broken Bow, Nebraska, and begin life anew.

WILLY RYEFUDDLE.—You saw her twice and she did not bow to you? Fie, fie, Willy! You can not expect her to recognize you when you are as elaborately intoxicated as all that.

AARON ALLRED.—There is a reason for every rule of etiquette, although it may not at first be apparent to you. You should always leave the parlor backwards, because that prevents those who have entertained you from handing you a kick as you depart. It is neither wise

nor gentlemanly to put temptation in the way of others.

GLADYS.—It would, indeed, be a hugely unique idea for you to hold a reunion of the only man you ever loved; and it would be simply overwhelmingly supreme if you could persuade the men who have died for your sake to also attend. Let me know how it goes, please.

Tom P. Morgan.

PITCHED TOO HIGH.

Whose lines are cast in pleasant places?
Alas! I know them not;
For mine are strung with family washing
Across my neighbor's lot.

THE USUAL THING.

LITTLE ELMER (*who has an inquiring mind*).—Papa, what do they mean when they call a man public-spirited?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—Why, that he is very liberal in endeavoring to persuade other people to spend their money liberally for the public good.

GOOD LUCK might visit us much oftener if we were not so much inclined to brag about our foresight.

THE DISCOURAGING part about doing to others as you would be done by is their lack of appreciation of it.



IN OKLAHOMA.

TOURIST.—Do these racing automobiles give you farmers much trouble?

NATIVE.—No end uv it! It's got so now that when we see a dark, funeral-shaped cloud approaching we don't know whether to run fer a gun or a cyclone cellar!



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE AUTOMOBILE LAUGH.

NOTHING is pleasanter than a hearty laugh. High authorities, ranging from philosophers to press agents, have agreed that this is true and, generally speaking, they are to be praised for excellent discernment. For all around mirth, the public has only the warmest regard. It is the automobile laugh that stirs its ire; the laugh of the blithesome millionaire, arrested for speeding. The magistrate sits in his seat of authority. The goggled culprit stands before him, jauntily; bored, it is true, but willing to stay for a few minutes, if politely requested. In less than that time, the Law's arm descends with characteristic force. The prisoner at the bar is relentlessly fined ten dollars. Then, from out the musty stillness of the court room, arises the automobile laugh; that merry, unctuous peal of good nature. The court is forgiven. The annoyance of arrest is forgotten and the 'mobile, with its owner, seeks other laws to conquer. Every township this year has its record of speed violations, of runaways, of accidents, the responsibility for which is easily placed. It rests with the Law. Legitimate automobiling has come to stay but reckless speeding on public roads will not continue long if potent remedies are employed to check it. The absurdity of fining a millionaire ten, twenty or fifty dollars is apparent. Court charges are included among the incidentals of his tour and we read in the next day's paper that "Percival pulled a large roll of bills from his pocket and paid the fine with a laugh." So long as the Law handles speeders with padded gloves, just so long will our highways be paths of peril. And just so long will the court room ring with laughter. When those who threaten human life, with a gasoline juggernaut, are treated the same as other unscrupulous highwaymen, fewer mile-a-minute-men will flourish in the community and there will be a marked decrease in chuckling.

RESTFUL SARATOGA.

THE man who broke the bank at Saratoga is infinitely more distinguished nowadays than his boastful prototype of Monte Carlo. Whether or no it is a source of satisfaction, Saratoga's claim to the world's greatest gambling emporium is not to be disputed. In comparison, Monte Carlo resembles Chautauqua or Ocean Grove. The clink of chips has been as steady and continuous as the gush of mineral water while, instead of providing a thrilling climax for Saratoga's Summer programme, political conventions this year afford a much milder grade of excitement than has been the standard all season. Still, despite its atmosphere of strenuity, the place is a most restful spot for certain temperaments. For instance, the stern and moral state senator, worn out by his efforts to make New York a holy city, to free it from the curse of the mealless drink, has found a soothing balm at Saratoga in the pleasant hum of the roulette wheel. Likewise to the New York police captain, the Springs appeal strongly and thither tempt him in vacation time. Gambling going on everywhere, just as it is on Manhattan Island, but absolutely no need to "detect" it. No fear of district attorneys or other annoying persons. No necessity for imposing raids, with drum and fife corps, announcement cards and other police precautions to prevent discovery. No Citizens' Union; no Parkhurst Society; only an untroubled holiday. His nerves grow stronger. His eyesight is better. He

can even distinguish between a gambling house and "a private residence," something which puzzles him excessively at home. Merely as a suggestion to the proper authorities, Puck proposes that all of New York's police captains be transported annually to Saratoga, there to study, under competent teachers, the architecture, structural work, interior arrangement, plans and specifications of a gambling resort. Also, the difference between pinocle and roulette. How can we expect our captains to recognize and check the gambling evil, if they are wholly unacquainted with its make-up? Recognition is bad form, anyway, unless one has been introduced.

LOGIC OUT IN IOWA.

WHY, OH, WHY, did the Iowa Republicans insert that Tariff plank? Without it their platform might have led a life of quietude and peaceful respectability. With it, there is nothing in store save irritating publicity and notoriety. The plank apparently advocated tariff changes and, thus interpreted, it was hailed as the forerunner of a great reform movement in the West. Wherever the tariff was found guilty of shielding a monopoly, the Iowa convention declared that it deserved a thorough revision. Such was the spirit of the plank, as it appeared on the surface. Deeper down, the spirit was different and for weeks the diligent reformers of Iowa have been explaining its true inwardness. "We argue in favor of tariff reform," they say in effect, "because we are mentally and morally certain that the tariff does not need reformation. We declare that any schedule which shields a monopoly should be revised; but, as no schedule shields a monopoly, there is no reason for revision." The argument is complete, convincing, masterful. Tariff reform in Iowa may as well don its sweater and prepare for a nice, long stay on the players' bench.

METROPOLITAN METHODS.

"Oh! He's absolutely supreme in New York politics."
"Indeed?"
"Yes; he gave an excursion down the bay to the mothers-in-law of voters and the boat never came back."

A WELL-READ BOY.

KIND OLD GENTLEMAN.—Don't be downhearted, my little man. Why, just think! Some day you may be President of the United States!

THE BOY (*sobbing*).—It looks as if I'm headin' that way;—somebody is always roastin' me!

AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

In a Prohibition hamlet,
Where he had to stop awhile,
He winked a very funny wink,
And thus provoked a smile.



A NECESSARY PRECAUTION.

THE TAVERN KEEPER.—Young gent here wants t' know why you wear a coon-skin cap!

THE GUIDE.—So 's I won't be mistook for a deer; that 's all!



JOTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

ONCE MORE HE LEADS

UNCLE SAM.—Biggest trade, biggest trusts, biggest buildings, biggest machinery,



HE LEADS THE WORLD.

greatest machinery, and now I've got the biggest gambling joint. Well, say!

PUCK



A MYSTERY.

THE BEAR.—Upon my word, I don't see why a man wants to go hunting if it makes him so nervous!

THE FINAL REMARKS.

I 'VE learned well one lesson to last me through life:
There's no use to argue with Mandy, my wife.
She won't accept even the Bible as proof,
Though I swear on a stack of 'em high as the roof.
She'll pooh-pooh at facts that I offer, and e'en
Dispute me when safe upon logic I lean.
All my hopes to convince may as well be deferred
Since Mandy is certain t' have the last word!

I've studied up subjects to argue about,
And taken the side where there was n't a doubt
As t' my bein' right, an' I've argued ahead
Until reason'bly sure naught remained to be said;
But, goodness alive! when you've figured she'd stop
And would see it were best that the subject should drop,
You'll find that t' reckon in this way 's absurd,
For Mandy is certain t' have the last word!

As I've found it through life so 't will be at the end,
When I lie on my couch, with a tried and true friend
Bending over me low, to catch well what I say
At the last, ere I slip from this casement of clay,
I'll not be inclined to remarks, so I'll keep
A close compressed lip when I drop off to sleep;
And I'll soar from this earth like a prison-freed bird
Undisturbed, though I know Mandy'll have the last
word!

Roy Farrell Greene.

THEY HAVE US SCARED.

"You always give your opponent an advantage if you show him that you are afraid," declared the wise guy.

"May be that's the reason the microbes find us such easy marks," suggested the foolish one.

HIS VIEWS.

"We are conducting a campaign of education," said the politician.

"Is that all?" asked his friend. "You don't want the offices?"

"Oh, well! It's only fair that teachers should be paid."

THE COST of living is so great that it leaves a distressingly small margin of profits.

AS SOON as budding genius finds that it has been noticed it begins to blow itself.

IN JIG-TIME.

KIRBY.—I believe that Roller is on the verge of a breakdown.
SHANLEY.—You bet he is! And I'm one of the creditors who intend to make him dance!



OF COURSE there are no liars in heaven. And of course, likewise, there can be no social activities in the true sense without the guests going up and telling the hostess what a lovely time they have had.

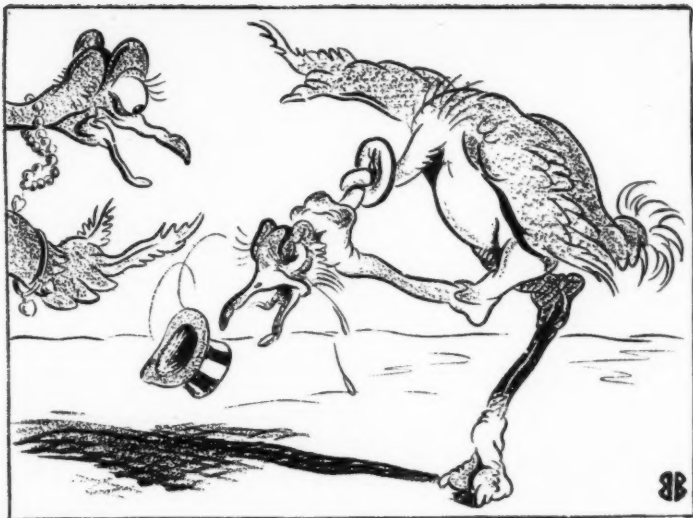
WHOEVER HAS seen a social leader in a town of 2,000 people, leave two cards of her own and one of her husband's as she rises to go after having finished making a call,—whoever has seen this, we say, has gained some adequate notion of the importance of the invention of printing to the human race.

WITH THE MACBOOTH-RANTINGTON COMPANY.

THE ACTOR.—Getting a new coat is quite an event, is n't it?

THE SOUBRETTE.—Oh, yes! He'll attract more attention in a new coat than he would in a new part!
(Next stop—Little Britain.)

Nothing is more humiliating than to try to make a liar of a man and have the material run out.



A DIRE THREAT.

THE OSTRICH LOVER.—Eve, accept me, and I will make you the happiest bird on earth—refuse me, and I will tighten this knot!

THE POLITICAL PRIMER.

Who is this? It is the late William Jennings Bryan—Statesman, Practical Farmer, Orator of the Platte, and the Eli Perkins of Politics. A Statesman is a Politician who is dead. A Practical Farmer is a Farmer who farms the Farmers. The Platte is a great many Miles long and a very few Inches deep, and runs on and on.

Who was Eli Perkins? That is a hard Question to answer; the only People who ever knew are now dead or have forgotten.

Is there any good Reason why we should pay attention to Colonel Bryan? Oh, yes! We should feel kindly toward him for the Enemies he has made and for the Great Truths which he has not uttered.

Can anything of value be learned by observing his Career? Most certainly! It teaches us that there is both Profit and Prominence in being a Chronic and Intolerable Nuisance.

MORE IMPORTANT.

SHE.—I am not a good golf player.

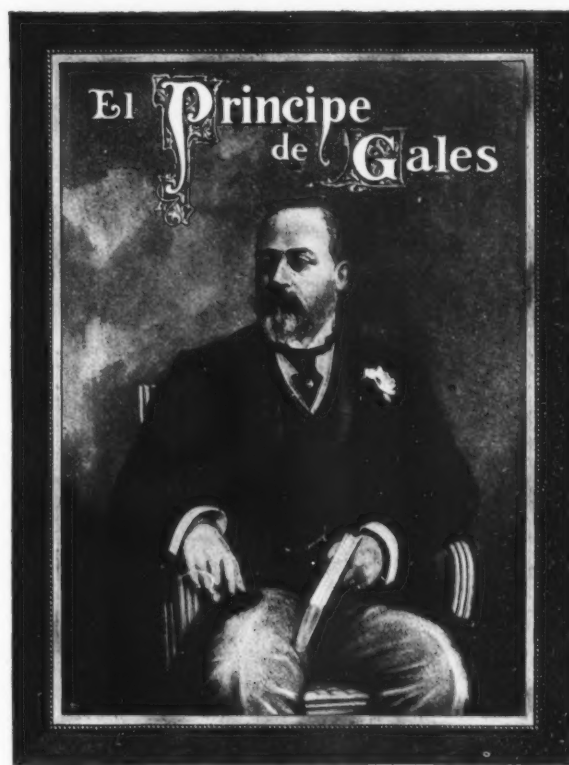
HE.—Don't worry. It is much better to be a good-looking golf player.



AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

"Take the next car! No room on this one!"

"What? Is n't there plenty of room up in front?"



**NOW KING
OF HAVANA CIGARS**

Made in Havana and Tampa



PHILOSOPHIC MAUNDERINGS.

It is hard for a man to appreciate his neighbor's good qualities until he has looked into his own shortcomings.

No matter how bright the day, it would look gloomy if we all wore black.

The reason man's thoughts turn lightly is that he has to have some antidote for laziness.

One of the unfair discriminations against baldheaded people is that the barber won't give a rebate on that kind of a haircut.

People pay big money to go to the seashore for the privilege of resting until they're completely exhausted.

It may be true that figures don't lie, but the average tombstone is a piece of marble perjury engraved with its own private brand.—*Baltimore News*.

"LOOK HERE!" said the Judge to the old offender; "this is about the third time this year I have sent you up. You're getting to be considerable expense to the county."

"Yes, Your Honor. Don't you think it might be advisable to buy me a commuter's ticket?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Music exercises a wonderful influence," said the young woman who plays the piano.

"It does," answered Mrs. Cornloss. "Ever since one of our Summer boarders sang 'Woodman, Spare That Tree,' years ago, my husband has refused to chop a stick o' firewood."—*Washington Star*.

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can be made**

Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

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You cannot cover up a wrong at
home by a gift abroad.—*Ram's Horn.*

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THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
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Natural Whiskey

Bottled under Government super-
vision direct from the barrel at the
Distillery with its natural flavor,
nothing added to or taken from it.

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The Act of Congress, March 3, 1897, provides that
date of making and of bottling whiskey shall be
plainly printed on the Government Stamp that seals
the bottle. It also prohibits bottling whiskey less than
four years old and provides that all bottles must be
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IN BOND



GETTING POINTS.

FIRST HOG.—Do you know, he's
quite a student of human nature?

SECOND HOG.—Human nature,
eh? Trying to find out if he could
be any more hoggish than he is?

Inactive liver, depressed spirits—make both right
with Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters. The
genuine Abbott's will revolutionize the system.



The Inner Man

A delightful surprise, a charm
to the palate and cheer and
comfort to the inner man is
found in the perfection of

Hunter Whiskey

Its secret is:

It Gratifies
and
Always Satisfies

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything; but if you
have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be
found just the remedy you need. Sold by drug-
gists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes.
You may have a sample bottle of this great kid-
ney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet
telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures.
Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.,
and say that you read this in Puck.

WHEN a man is dead, he is awful dead.—
Atchison Globe.

Harper Rye

"On Every Tongue."

Scientifically distilled; naturally aged; absolutely pure.
Best and safest for all uses.

BERNHEIM BROS., Distillers, - - Louisville, Ky.

AN ACROBATIC
TEST.

"Yes, Leddy, I
am a retired acro-
bat, at present in
hard luck. Could
yez give me th' price
of a night's lodgin'?"

"You are an acro-
bat?"

"I am, ledly."

"Suppose you go
out to that woodpile
and do the split!"—
Baltimore News.

WHEN an under-
taker looks sympa-
thetic, no one be-
lieves that he feels
it.—*Atchison Globe.*

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
35, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street. New York.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street.
All kinds of Paper made to order.



is known around the world.

The H. & R. Single Gun is perfect in
model and construction and the simplest
"take down" gun made. Illustrated Cata-
log tells about our complete line, — free.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.,
Dept. 8, WORCESTER, Mass.,
MAKERS OF H. & R. REVOLVERS.

MR. SMITH. — Is
it going to be a quiet
wedding, 'Rastus?

'RASTUS. — Oh,
yes, sah! Each gen-
tlemen is limited to
one razah. — *Detroit
Free Press.*

"Our son Josh
don't seem to think
much o' the way I
dress," said Farmer
Cornstossel.

"Nor of my gram-
mar," answered his
wife. "It does seem
that parents give
their children a heap
o' trouble nowa-
days."—*Washington
Star.*

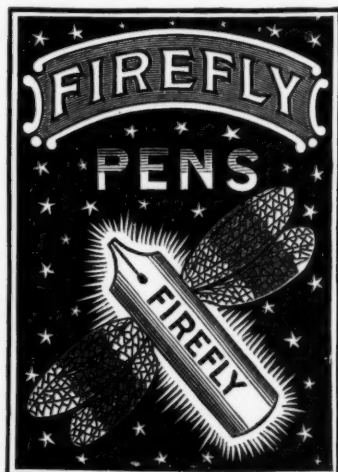
BOKER'S BITTERS

In plain or sweetened Carbonic Waters makes a delicious Summer drink

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

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AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.



Registered design of box label.

FIREFLY PENS are made of a new
Incorrodible metal—flexible as gold.

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THE OVERLAND LIMITED MOST LUXURIOUS TRAIN IN THE WORLD

The best of everything

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Two other fast trains daily leave
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CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN UNION PACIFIC AND SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAYS

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3 TRAINS DAILY

OPIUM

and Liquor Habit Cured with-
out inconvenience or detention from
business. Write THE DR. J. L.
STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1. 1. Lebanon, Ohio.

"LAKE SHORE LIMITED": Leaves New York 5.30 every afternoon via NEW YORK CENTRAL.
Arrives Chicago 4.30 next afternoon via LAKE SHORE.

"Drink Beer"

When you get run down, your doctor says "drink beer." Or he prescribes a malt tonic — concentrated beer.

Weakness calls for food, and barley-malt is a food half digested. The digestion of other foods is aided by a little alcohol, and beer has 3½ per cent.

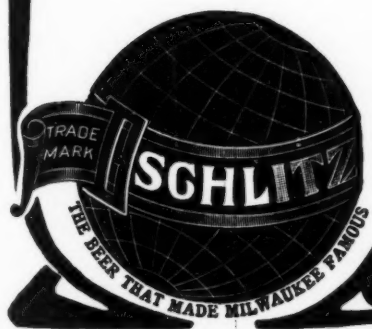
Weakness requires a tonic — that's hops.

And it's good for well people, too, if you get a *pure* beer. That's essential.

Even a touch of impurity makes beer unhealthful, because beer is saccharine. Impurities multiply in it.

And a "green beer"—insufficiently aged —causes biliousness. But a pure beer—well aged—is the beverage of health.

Schlitz beer costs twice what common beer costs in the brewing. One-half pays for the product; the other half for its purity.



One-half is spent in cleanliness, in filtering even the air that touches it, in filtering the beer, in sterilizing every bottle. And it pays the cost of aging the beer for months before we deliver it.

If you ask for Schlitz you get purity and age, yet pay no more than beer costs without them.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

It is a waste of energy to try to look like a dollar when you are putting a dime into the plate.
—*Rum's Horn.*

As good as we can

Is the way we make Wall Papers. There is satisfaction and profit in it for us, for the dealer, and for you.

Pittsburg Wall Paper Co., New Brighton, Pa.

A GREAT many poor men have been killed by automobiles, but never in one. — *Washington Post.*

AFTER the honeymoon a woman never looks entirely satisfied with her husband again except when he gets his salary raised.—*Atchison Globe.*

SANDOW'S Great Offer

In December, 1902, will be issued the first American edition of SANDOW'S MAGAZINE of Physical Culture, and to insure an edition of at least one hundred thousand copies, I make this extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of \$1.00 (the annual subscription price), I will send the magazine monthly to any address for one year, and give as a premium

My \$10 Course FREE

This postal course in physical culture has achieved marvelous success, and on this offer I guarantee that every subscriber will receive the same careful attention as if the full fee for the regular course was paid.

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SANDOW'S (American) MAGAZINE will be even more complete than his English publication, which throughout Europe is recognized as the chief authority on physical culture and healthful living. Over 300,000 pupils are following the Sandow System today, which has many imitators but no real competitors.

This offer positively expires November 1st. But a subscriber may begin the course at his own convenience before January 1, 1903. Send remittance to

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WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



"BUILT UP HIS TRADE."

"As a barber of many years' experience, I have used all kinds of Shaving Soaps—the cheap as well as the high priced—and have never found any soap to compare with Williams', for it is as near perfection as can be made. The lather is not full of air bubbles, but is rich, heavy and creamy, and I have found from actual test that there are from fifteen to twenty more shaves in a cake of Williams' Soap than in any other soap. Williams' Soap has done more to build up and hold my trade than any other toilet article which has ever been used in my shop. I feel it my duty to tell all barbers that Williams' is the only soap that will please all classes of customers."

T. H. TEDRICK, Winterset, Ohio.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers and are for sale all over the world.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.

HEARING someone exclaim that "the devil was in the weather," an old colored brother said: "Don't you worry 'bout dat. Dey never will be rain enough ter put de fire out!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

A dog in the town of Cologne
Absent-mindedly snapped at a bogne,
But the misguided brute
Had just grabbed his own foot;
So the bone that he snapped was his
ogne.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Shine on! Bar Keepers' Friend

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

"SEE HERE!" said the conceited young stump speaker. "You promised to print my speech in full, and you have n't given more than half of it."
"Yes," replied the editor of the county paper; "but I did n't promise to buy the extra fonts of capital I's we found we'd need."—*Phila. Press.*

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

164 FIFTH AVENUE,
Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.



CHEW
BEEMAN'S
The Original
Pepsin Gum
Cures Indigestion
and Sea-sickness.
ALL OTHERS ARE
IMITATIONS.

Pabst beer is always pure

Brewed in a Plant as Clean as the Cleanest Home Kitchen.
Always Open to Your Inspection.

DEFICIENT.

"Possibly that boy of yours will attain wealth as a pugilist," said the neighbor, in a comforting tone.

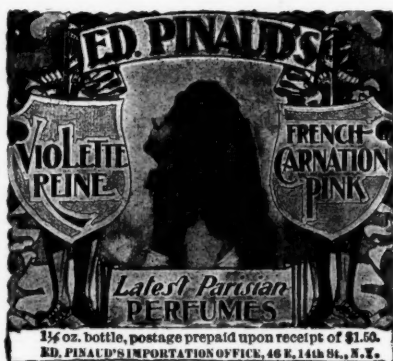
"I don't think so," answered the parent. "He's wonderfully handy with his fists, but he does n't amount to anything whatever in the debating society."—*Washington Star.*

A THOUGHTFUL MAIDEN.

"He said he would shoot himself if I did n't agree to marry him."

"And you agreed?"

"Yes; I was afraid if I did n't he might try to kill himself, and if he did try to kill himself he'd be sure to hit some innocent bystander—he's so awfully cross-eyed, you know."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



"MY FRIEND," said the gentleman in black, as he touched the wayfarer on the arm, "have you ever thought of the future?"

The wayfarer grunted a huge grunt.

"Well, I guess yes!" he exclaimed. "I got a cold hundred on Gold Heels fr his next race. Wanter git next?"—*Baltimore News.*

"MY DEAR," said the gentleman with gold-rimmed glasses, "can you recite 'Mary Had a Little Lamb?'"

"No," answered the girl who also wore gold-rimmed glasses. "The poem has little or no literary value and its spirit is contrary to our modern institutions. Since the organization of the meat trust, Mary would be lucky to get a chop, without assuming proprietorship of the entire animal."—*Washington Star.*



Making Money

is easier than saving it.

The Prudential

through its Endowment Policy has made saving possible for millions of thrifty men and women.

Write for information of Endowment Policies. Dept. P.

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"The Busy Man's Train."

Appropriate in its Name,

Appropriate in its Route,

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"THE 20th CENTURY LIMITED."

This is *The* century of all the ages.

The New York Central's 20-hour train between New York and Chicago (the two great commercial centers of America) is *The* train of the century, and is appropriately named

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A copy of the "Four-Track News," containing a picture of "The 20th Century Limited," and a deal of useful information regarding places to visit, modes of travel, etc., will be sent free, post paid, on receipt of five cents, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central, Grand Central Station, New York.

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1824
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ANGOSTURA
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22 GOLD MEDALS

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The Only Genuine

Unrivalled appetizing tonic and stomach corrective, recommended by physicians. Lends an exquisite flavor to champagne, sherry, and all liquors. Notice the name **DR. SIEGERT**, and refuse all imitations and substitutes. The genuine has been on the market seventy years.

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New York, N. Y.

The more critically you note the flavor, the color, the clearness of

Evans Ale

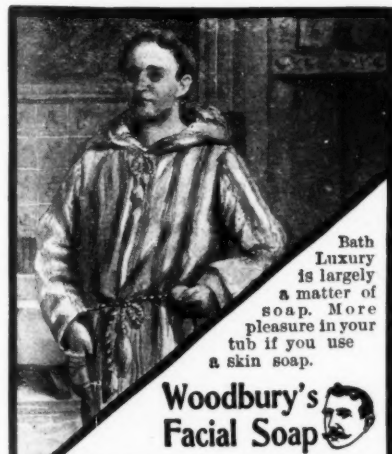
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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
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—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.



Bath
Luxury
is largely
a matter of
soap. More
pleasure in your
tub if you use
a skin soap.

**Woodbury's
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is for the complexion. You don't insult the delicate tissues by using it. If the skin is good it preserves it, frees pores from impurities. If not, it gets at the cause of the trouble, removes it, puts the skin in pink condition. You can't ask anymore of a soap.

Sold by dealers. 25 cents.
Trial size package 5 cents to pay postage. Address Dept. 66
THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., Sole Agents, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"



"Oh, to the gallant fisher's life!
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many."
—Isaac Wallon.

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

CHOLLY.—I nevah see such a queer girl. While I was calling there the othah evening she made me pet her pug dog and awsked me if I did n't want to kiss the beast.

MISS PEPPREY.—The idea! Perhaps she does n't know that you smoke cigarettes. —*Philadelphia Press.*

MR. GUMPPS.—That boy will never be good for anything until he marries.

MRS. GUMPPS.—I suppose not.

MR. GUMPPS.—No. He's got to get over the habit of hanging around the house. —*New York Weekly.*

When you drink Champagne, drink the very best *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry*. It always satisfies, never disappoints.

Milo

The
**Egyptian
Cigarette
of Quality**

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

At your club or dealer's

MR. MCCALL.—Good evening, Bobby, is your sister at home?

BOBBY.—I don't know. I heard her tellin' Ma she expected a proposal to-night, an' if you ain't the feller I guess she ain't home. —*Philadelphia Press.*

"That 'ere feller you 've been a-tryin' of has done appealed to a higher court," said the rural bailiff.

"I know it," replied the justice; "an' I'm fixed fer him. Jest wait till I ketch him in the big road." —*Atlanta Constitution.*

Bitters that benefit mind and body: Abbott's — The Original Angostura, build up wasted tissue, brighten up the mental, and make new men and women.



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—GREEN AND YELLOW—

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Now Curable.**

By the Famous Doctor Yonkerman's Marvelous Discovery—State Officials and Great Medical Men Pronounce it the Only Cure for Consumption, Throat and Lung Troubles.

A Free Trial Package Will Be sent by Mail to All Who Write.

Consumption can at last be cured. Marvelous as it may seem after the many failures, a sure,



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positive and certain cure for the deadly consumption has at last been discovered. Cases given up to die and sent back from California hopeless and helpless, are now alive and well through this wonderful cure for consumption. Free trial packages of the remedy and letters from grateful people—former consumptives rescued from the very jaws of death—are sent free to all who write to Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, 625 Shakespeare Building, Kalamazoo, Mich. Don't delay—there is not an hour to lose when you have consumption, throat or lung trouble. Send to-day for Free package.

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The King of Whiskies, and the Whisky of Kings

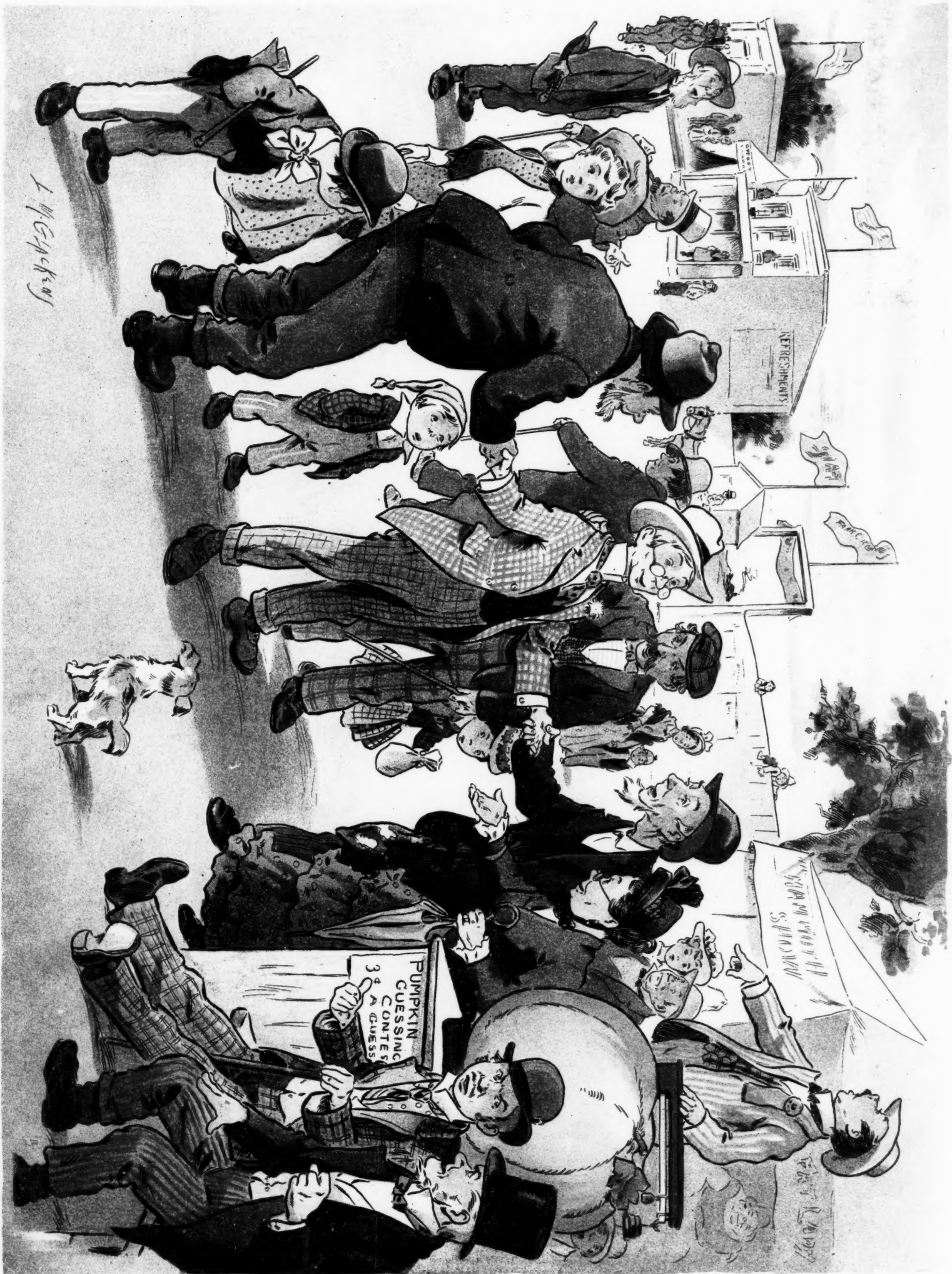
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FINEST HIGHLAND
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MR. WAYBACK.—Great Scott! What you got the hired man plowin' up the front yard for?

MRS. WAYBACK.—Our darter says the first pictur' she takes with her new camera will be the house, and her book of instructions says she must break up the foreground; but, of course, she can't do that herself. —*N. Y. Weekly.*

\$1000 AUTOMOBILE can be had for **25c.**
It costs you but a postal card.
For particulars, P. O. Box 200, Cleveland, O.



WHAT THEY MISSED.

ONE OF THE LOSERS.—I suppose he'll have a head as big as that punkin, now he's won this guessin' match!
THE OTHER.—Yes; an' it might just as well have been you or me!